ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

QUORUM

"You have been sold a lie of prosperity, growth, and wealth, a phantasm of a happy world that is more fragile than you could believe. All it will take is a single spark, and it will all go up in flames."
– *Omar Keung, the Flashpoint*

For 23 seconds, the worlds' largest bank and backer of the worlds' most important currency goes dark. Trillions of credits are lost, stolen, or simply erased. Each corp blames the others. Economies, industries, lives collapse. And that's just the beginning.

NEW CONCEPTS

The *Flashpoint Cycle* introduces two new concepts: Ice and Operations with trash costs, and the "Terminal" subtype. These rules explain how these concepts function, and should be treated as an addition to the rulebook in the *Android Netrunner: The Card Game* Core Set.

ICE AND OPERATIONS WITH A TRASH COST

When the Runner accesses a piece of ice or operation card with a trash cost, he or she may pay that cost to trash that card as they would normally trash an asset or upgrade. Encountering an installed piece of ice does not allow you to trash it by paying that ICE's trash cost; you may only trash it if the ICE is accessed while it is not installed.

NEW SUBTYPE: TERMINAL

During your actions phase, as a standard player action you may play a **Terminal** operation the same way you would play any other operation. Doing so, however, immediately ends the Corporation's action phase once the card has resolved. The Corp player loses any unspent ⓒ and then play proceeds to the Corporation's discard phase.

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The commissioner stepped through the door just as Mayor Wells was wrapping up his opening speech. It was, she was sure, a good speech, full of empty platitudes and inspiring rhetoric that had been written and focus-grouped in Mumbad and beamed directly into his PAD-lens probably only a few minutes before he started. He was reaching the part about how everyone present was a New Angelino first and foremost.

She had no interest in the speech, so she walked a slow circle around the room to take inventory of who was present. Director Haas herself, from Haas-Bioroid; Victoria Jenkins, from NBN; Chairman Hiro from Jinteki. Argus CEO Magnus Swan was presumably here representing both his own company and the Weyland Consortium as a whole. The absolute top brass from the respective corporations, or damn near.

They were not alone, each sitting in front of a phalanx of assistants, vice presidents, and other flunkies. Members of other divisions, subsidiaries, and corporations were there too. Reed from SYNC, Yale from Titan, Maucher from Globalsec.

A handful of other luminaries rounded out the crowd. The mayor himself, Ignacio Wells, looking slim and handsome and silver. Cardinal James Reese from the Starlight Crusade. Irina Gupta, a senior editor at the *Sol*. Herself, of course.

And the dozen officers she had placed on the doors. She met their eyes, each in turn, and got a nod in response. She checked her PAD, saw that the whole building was secure, and nodded to the Mayor.

"Our esteemed Commissioner Dawn will now seal the doors, which will block all wireless signals to and from the room." One by one, the officers pushed the massive, heavy doors shut. "We now have just under twelve hours to reach an agreement, ladies and gentlemen, or the federal government will intervene and dissolve the Special Economic Zone. None of us want that."

"I would also like to urge everyone here to put aside their personal grievances and work to find a solution," Dawn added. "After all, human lives are on the line here."

"Was that a threat, Commissioner?" Swan's eyes, she realized, hadn't moved from her since she'd finished her circuit of the room. "'Human lives' on the line. Including ours?"

"I certainly hope not, Mr. Swan. After all, I'm locked in here with you." A chuckle went up around the room as everyone failed to meet one another's eyes.

"I cannot help but notice, along with Mr. Swan," said Hiro, "that the only individuals in the room who are armed are under your command, Commissioner." Hiro's hands remained folded in front of him, his voice level.

"My officers are sworn public servants," said Dawn. "They're officers of the New Angeles Police Department, handpicked by me for loyalty and dependability. I certainly feel safer here than anywhere else in the city."

"Imagine our surprise," muttered Haas. "I would feel more comfortable with a dozen armed men loyal to me in the room, too."

"It's your own fault," burst Gupta. Heads turned, Gupta stammered, and Haas leveled a gaze like a glacier on her. The nosy quieted.

"Control your pets, Jenkins," said Haas.

"Quite apart from your disgusting choice of words, Madam Director, the journalistic integrity of the *New Angeles Sol* is of paramount importance," said Jenkins. She made an immaculate gesture with an immaculately groomed hand. "Ms. Gupta is required by her code of ethics to report the truth, not to kowtow to me. And I wouldn't have it any other way."

"I know I want to hear what she has to say," said Dawn.

"The NAPD lost dozens of officers in this crisis," said Gupta. "Officers killed by prisec—by mercenaries—paid by people in this room. You cannot assume that City Hall, that the NAPD, would stay bought in those circumstances."

"That's a dangerous allegation, and if you print it I will sue you for libel," growled Swan.

"If she could prove it, if *I* could prove it, I'd already have you nailed on a goddamn cross, Swan," said Dawn. "An unflattering article is not your biggest concern right now."

"No," said Hiro. "Dying is. The United States Armed Forces are coming, and they have given us an ultimatum. We have a quorum, here, of the people who can solve this crisis before there is any further loss of life. We do not want a repeat of the Battle of Kaguya." He stood. "Ms. Gupta is here, I presume, to sell whatever deal we reach to the public, to convince them that this is in their best interests. Each of us has a role to play here. So let's get to work."

The mayor stood, sparing a sour look for Dawn before capturing the attention of the room. "Well said, Mr. Chairman. The Twenty-Three Seconds and the…unpleasantness that followed are in the past. We should concern ourselves with the future. I think we'll find a solution that will let us all get back to business as usual." And he smiled that smile that had gotten him elected so many times. Even Dawn wasn't immune to that smile, and she hated herself for it. "Who knows? We might even find a way to come out ahead. A war with only winners; wouldn't that be historic?"

Dawn wondered, in that case, who the losers would be.

Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Damon Stone with Erik Dahlman and Lukas Litzsinger

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Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

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